

ULTIMATE COMICS™

X-MEN®

ISSUE 13



MARVEL

**WOOD
MEDINA
VLASCO
GRACIA**

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**LIVING IN A WORLD
WHERE MUTANTS ARE
HATED AND FEARED MORE
THAN EVER, ONE GROUP
OF YOUNG HEROES HAS
BANDED TOGETHER TO
FIGHT BACK.**

ULTIMATE COMICS X-MEN

**OKLAHOMA CITY,
OKLAHOMA**



**ALBUQUERQUE,
NEW MEXICO**



**PHOENIX,
ARIZONA**



**LAS VEGAS,
NEVADA**



PREVIOUSLY:

After Magneto's Ultimatum Wave caused worldwide calamity, Executive Order 3144 was put into action, allowing mutants to be shot on sight if they refused to turn themselves over to authorities.

William Stryker Jr. (a powerful leader of the anti-mutant movement in America) "died" and transferred his consciousness into the government-sanctioned Nimrod Sentinel army. These killing machines have unleashed a campaign of hate and violence against mutantkind. Focusing their attention on the mutant containment camps in the Southwestern states, the Sentinels' murderous mission has forced the already-taxed government into defeat.

In a press conference to the nation, the President reveals that the country had no choice but to give up the Southwestern states to the Sentinels, advising everyone to seek shelter from the deadly automatons. With martial law in effect and Sentinels bringing mutants closer and closer to extinction, who can rise up to save the nation from the edge of destruction?

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NEW YORK CITY

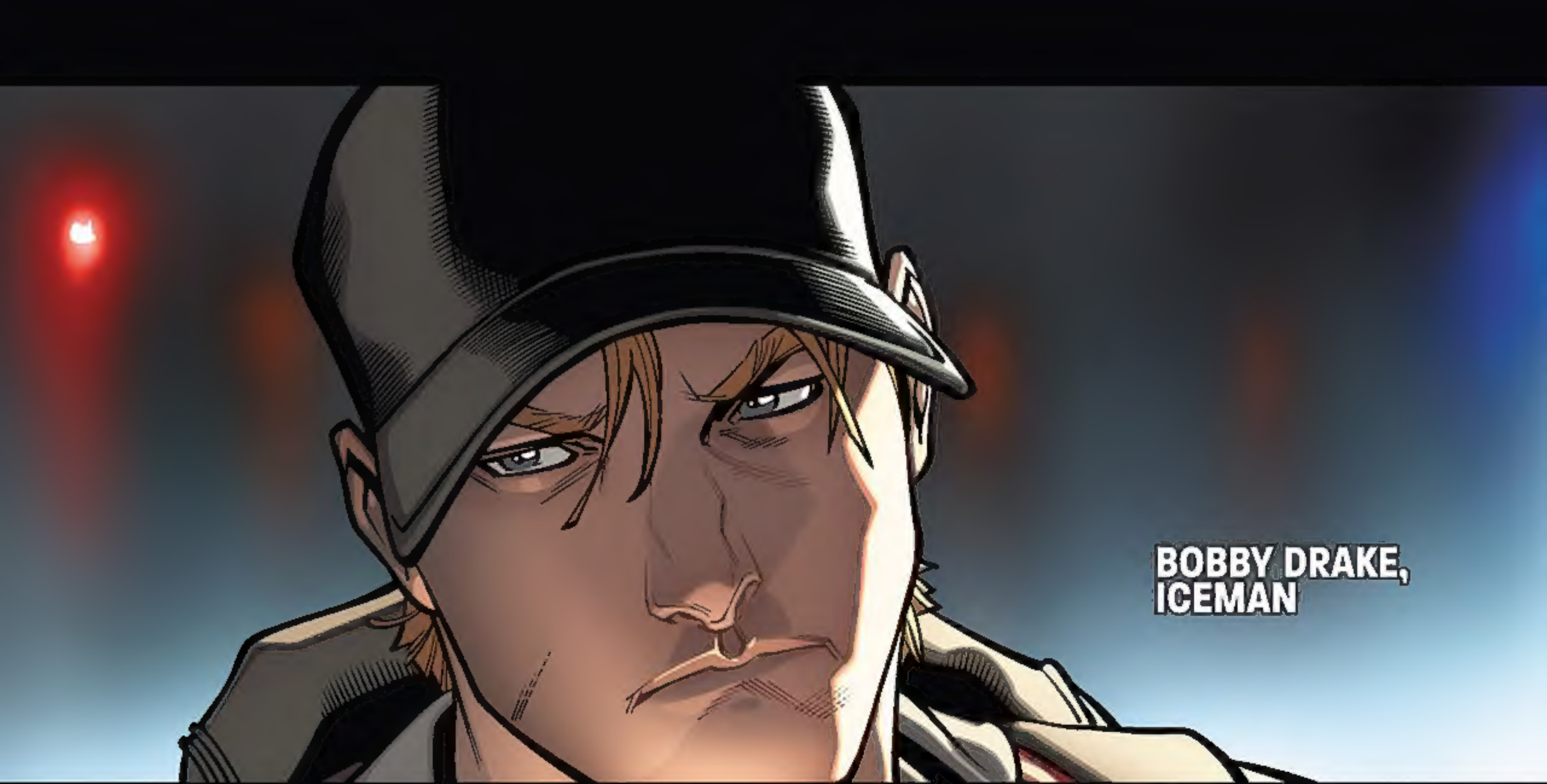
"This is how I became the most feared and hated terrorist in the history of the United States."

PORT AUTHORITY BUS TERMINAL

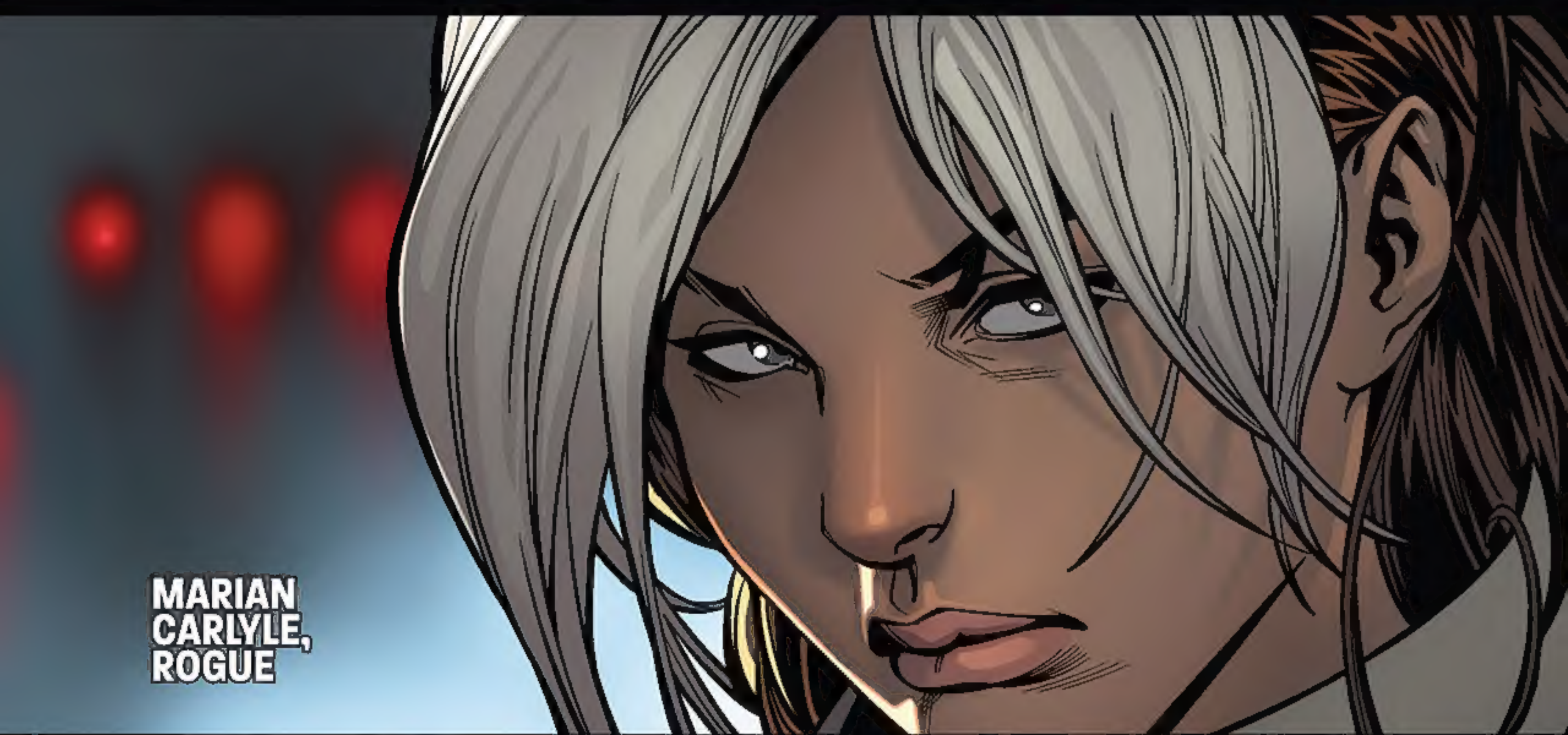
I said that, I did, absolutely.

PRESENT DAY

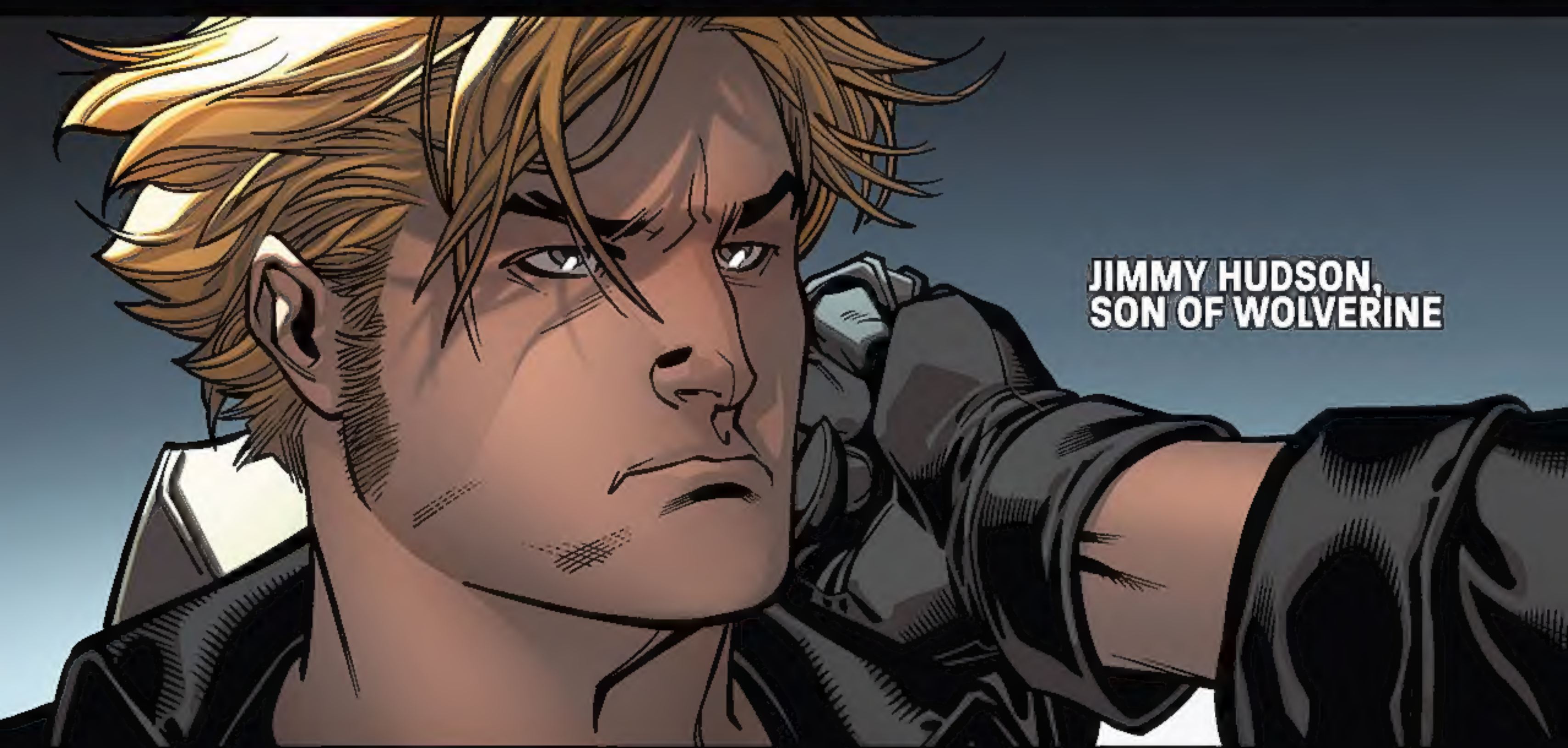
Have you been holding your breath all this time?



**BOBBY DRAKE,
ICEMAN**



**MARIAN
CARLYLE,
ROGUE**



**JIMMY HUDSON,
SON OF WOLVERINE**

My story is just starting.

KITTY PRYDE

WOOD

BORN FREE

MEDINA & BROWN

THE LOWER EAST SIDE,
THE EAST BROADWAY/ ESSEX STREET
EXCHANGE JUNCTION

JUST AFTER THE SENTINEL
ATTACK ON THE SOUTHWEST
STATES

...we have,
under my orders,
effectively ceded
power over the
Southwestern
states...

...hereby
ordered to
stand down...

...to the
American people--
those trapped in
what is now enemy
territory...

Kitty,
why is he *doing*
this? He's letting
the Sentinels
win...

...torn
asunder...

...persevere...

...united
once more...

I don't
know...but it'll
be okay.

It wasn't okay. It
was opening the door
that much wider for
bigotry, hate crimes,
and violence against
all of us.

Humans
did this.

...and
God save
America.

Humans
always do
this.

LATER

I needed air.
The walls felt like
they were closing
in on me.

You lied,
Kitty.

What?

You said
it's okay. It's
not okay.

...
You're
right, Nomi.
It's not.

I didn't
mean to lie
to you.

I just
said it's okay
because I guess
that's something
grown-ups say
sometimes.

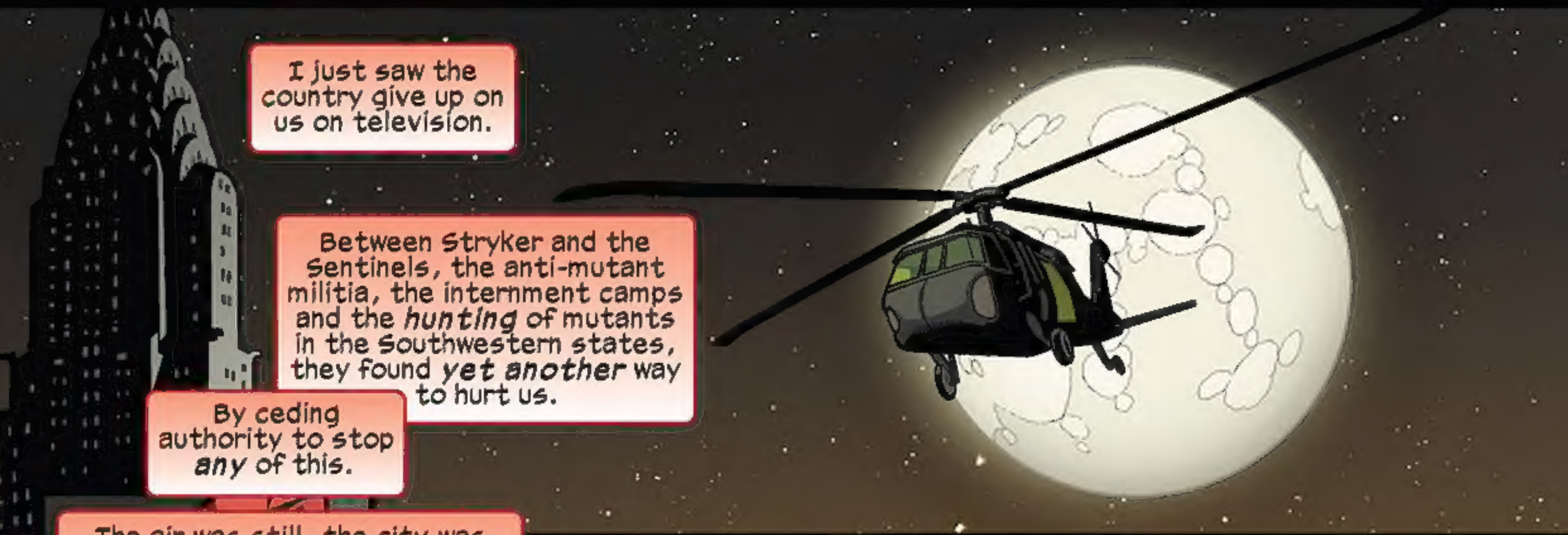
You're
not a grown-
up. You're
like me.

I was
a kid like
you.

Now you're
more like me
than you
realize.

...

I just turned
seventeen.




I just saw the country give up on us on television.


Between Stryker and the Sentinels, the anti-mutant militia, the internment camps and the *hunting* of mutants in the Southwestern states, they found *yet another* way to hurt us.

By ceding authority to stop *any* of this.

The air was still, the city was weirdly calm. But tense, like a loaded weapon. Everyone was a little afraid to pull the trigger.




So I decided I would.



I didn't want to surrender.

What I just heard on TV was a *call to arms*. I wasn't interested in standing down.



I wanted to *stand up*. I wanted to get out of the hole I'd been hiding in. I didn't want to cede power. I didn't want to cede *anything* to *anyone*.

I didn't want to show mercy to my enemies. My enemies surrounded me, and the last protection standing between us-- the laws of the land-- just got torn up.



My enemies would see my friends and I *exterminated*.

No more
running.

No
hiding.

No more
code names. No
more Shroud.

I'm Kitty
Pryde.

They may have
created me...
created us...

But they will
never be able
to snuff us out.

I
swear on
my life.

The city felt like it was under constant attack, from the military presence, to the lights at night, to the checkpoints and nightly protests.

The people came out in angry groups, aggressive after long days penned up in their homes as per security directives. At night, they felt freer to act.

I could relate.

It was a country in darkness.

Or so I thought.

Copy that.

Live rounds, men! We got a go order! Put 'em down!





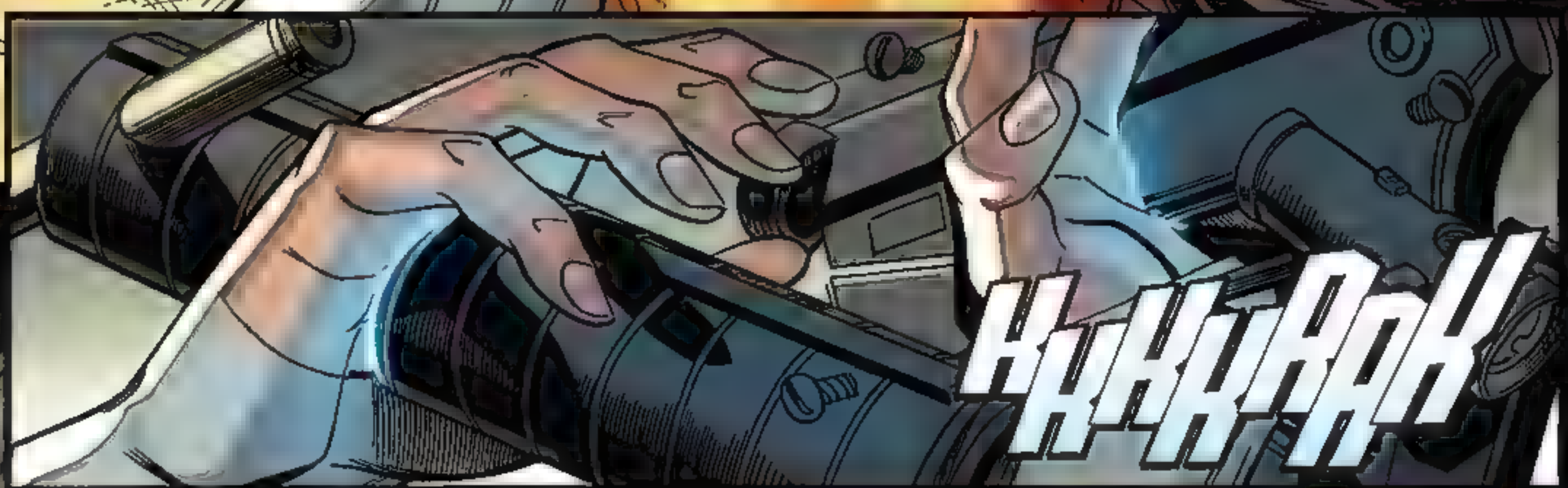
This isn't going to happen.

...huh...?



We aren't going to let you do this to us anymore.

...you're one of them...



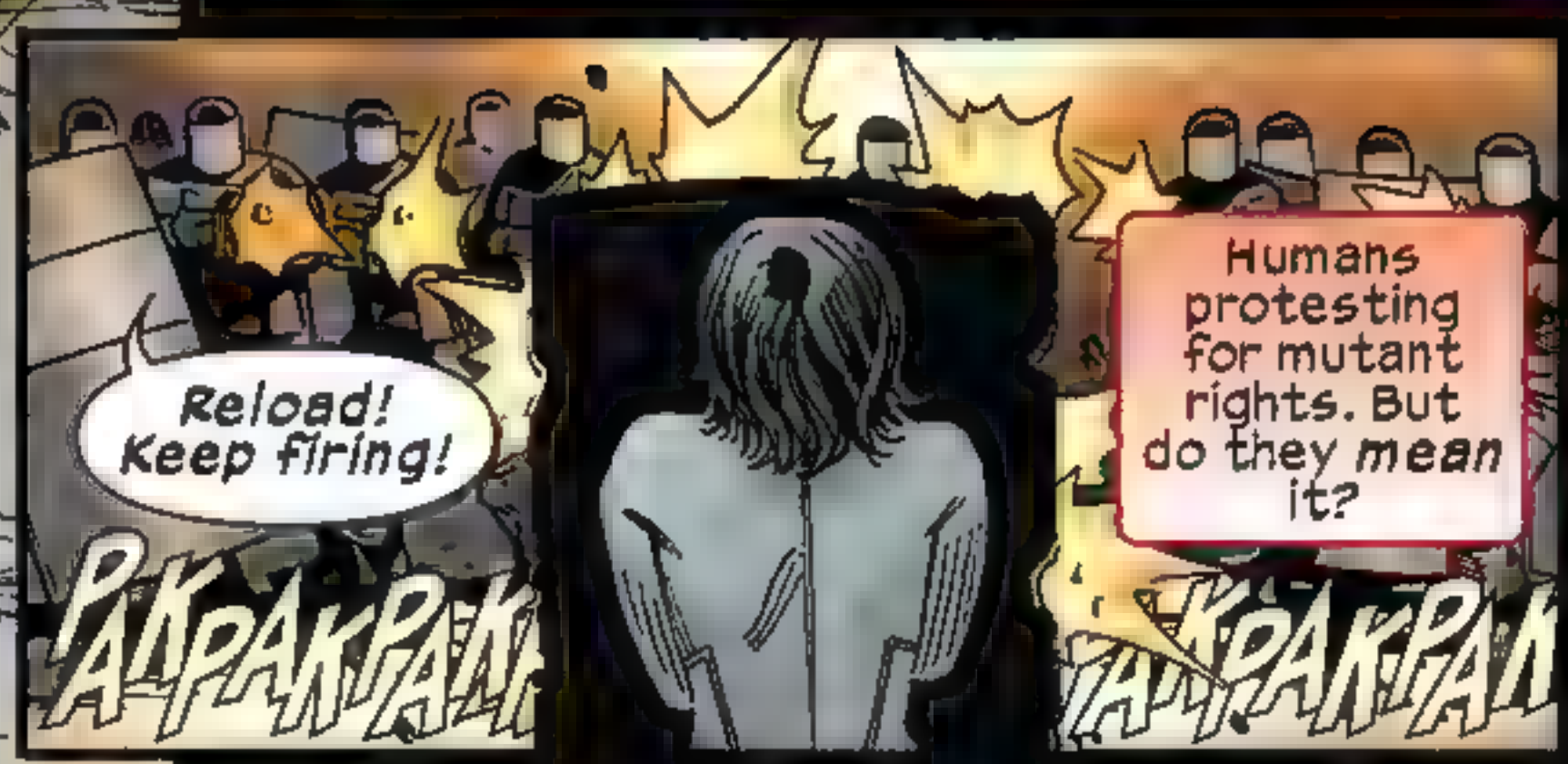
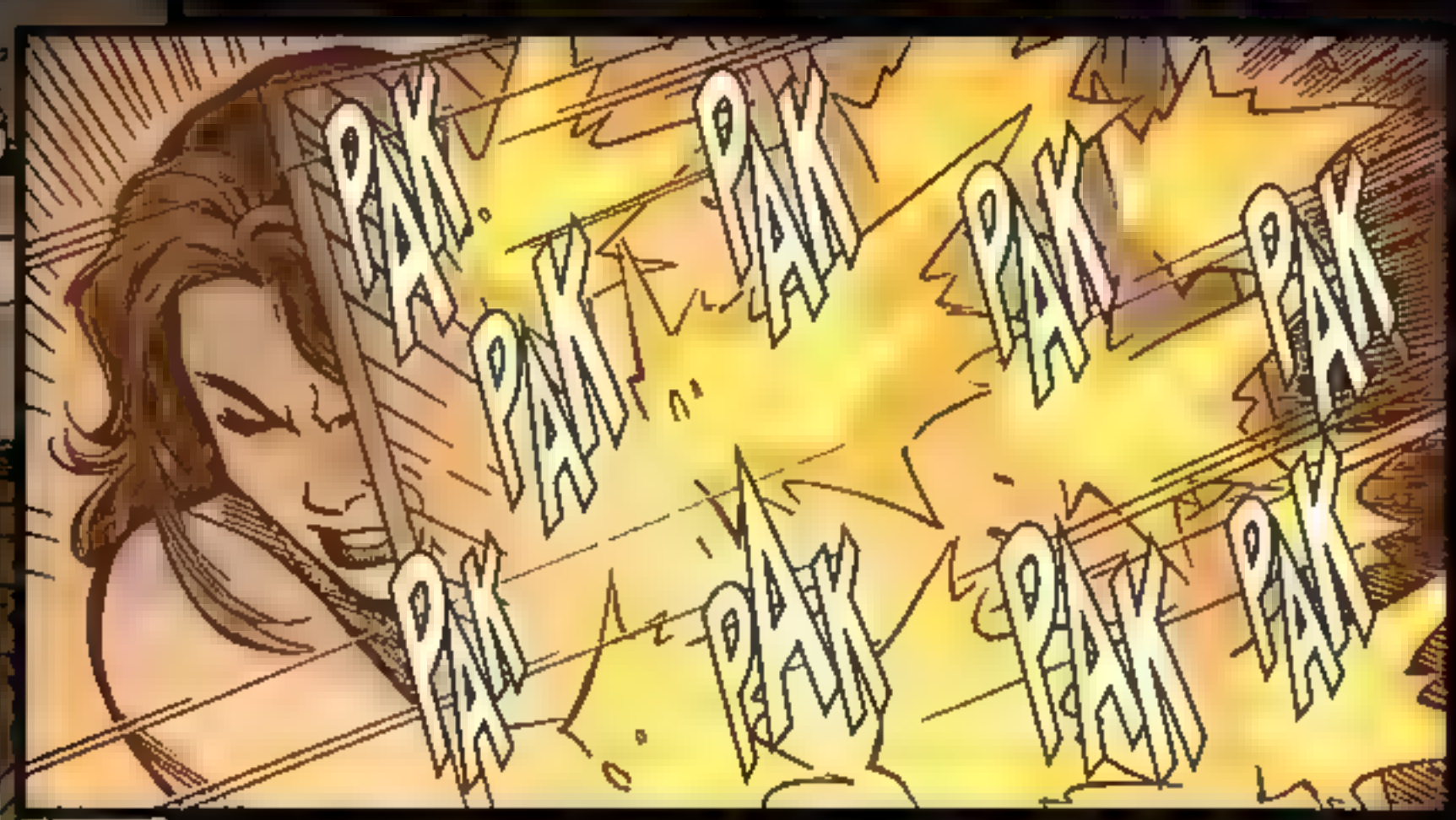
HHHHRAK



There's your target, men!

Take her out!

Go! Get to safety!



Reload! Keep firing!

Humans protesting for mutant rights. But do they mean it?

PAK PAK PAK

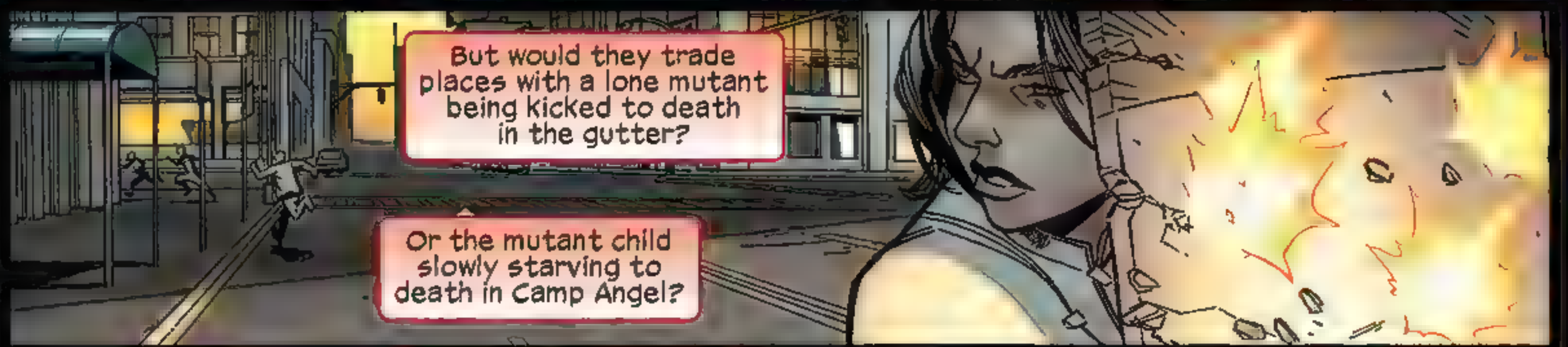
PAK PAK PAK



Get the hell out of here, you idiots!

I can't hold them off forever!

Shouting slogans is easy. The security of a crowd can make you brave.



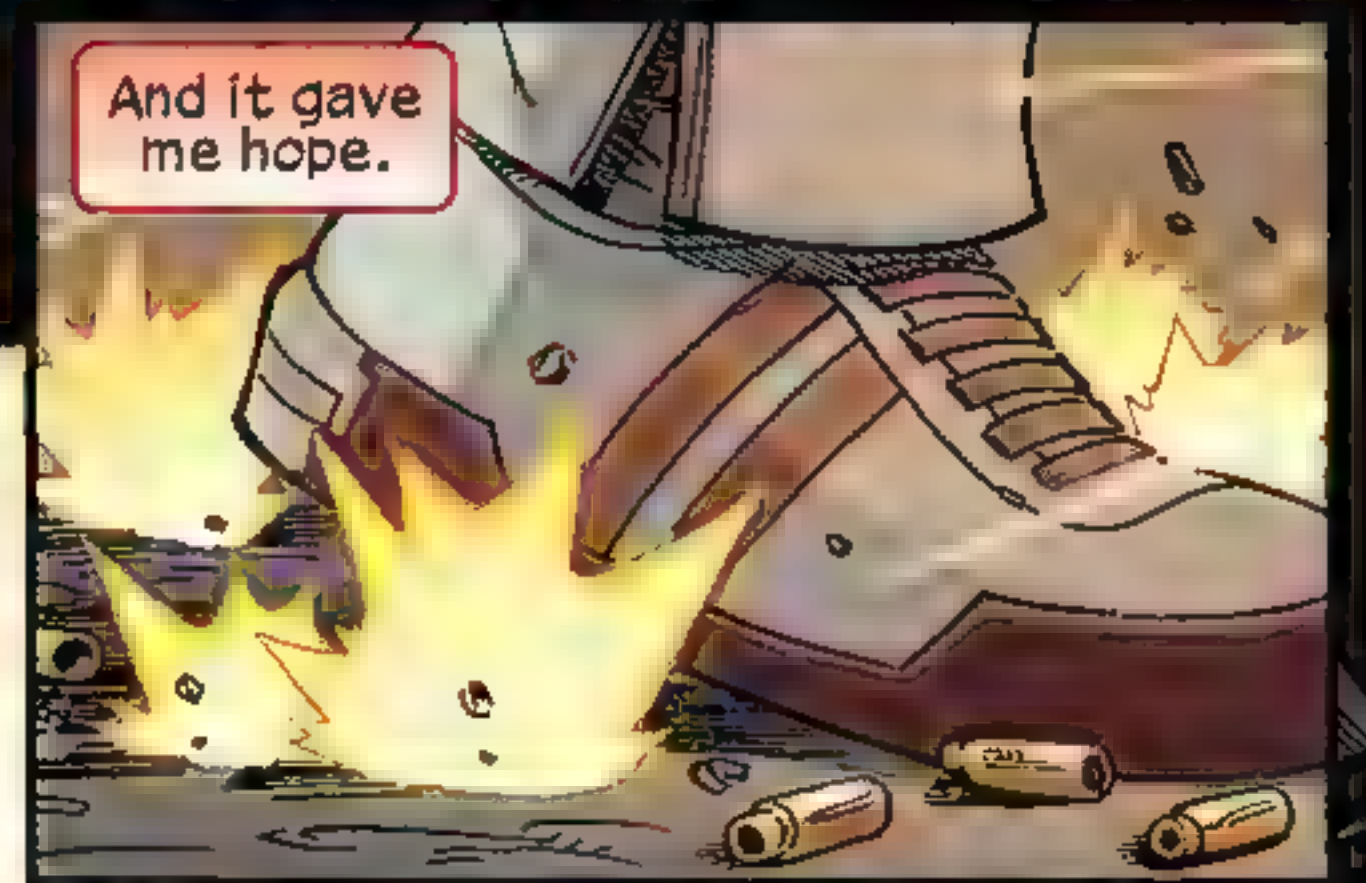
But would they trade places with a lone mutant being kicked to death in the gutter?

Or the mutant child slowly starving to death in Camp Angel?



I didn't know.

But these protests were the only sign of...humanity I'd seen since Executive Order 3144 passed.



And it gave me hope.



Remember this.

Next time you think about killing some mutants...



...we might
surprise
you.





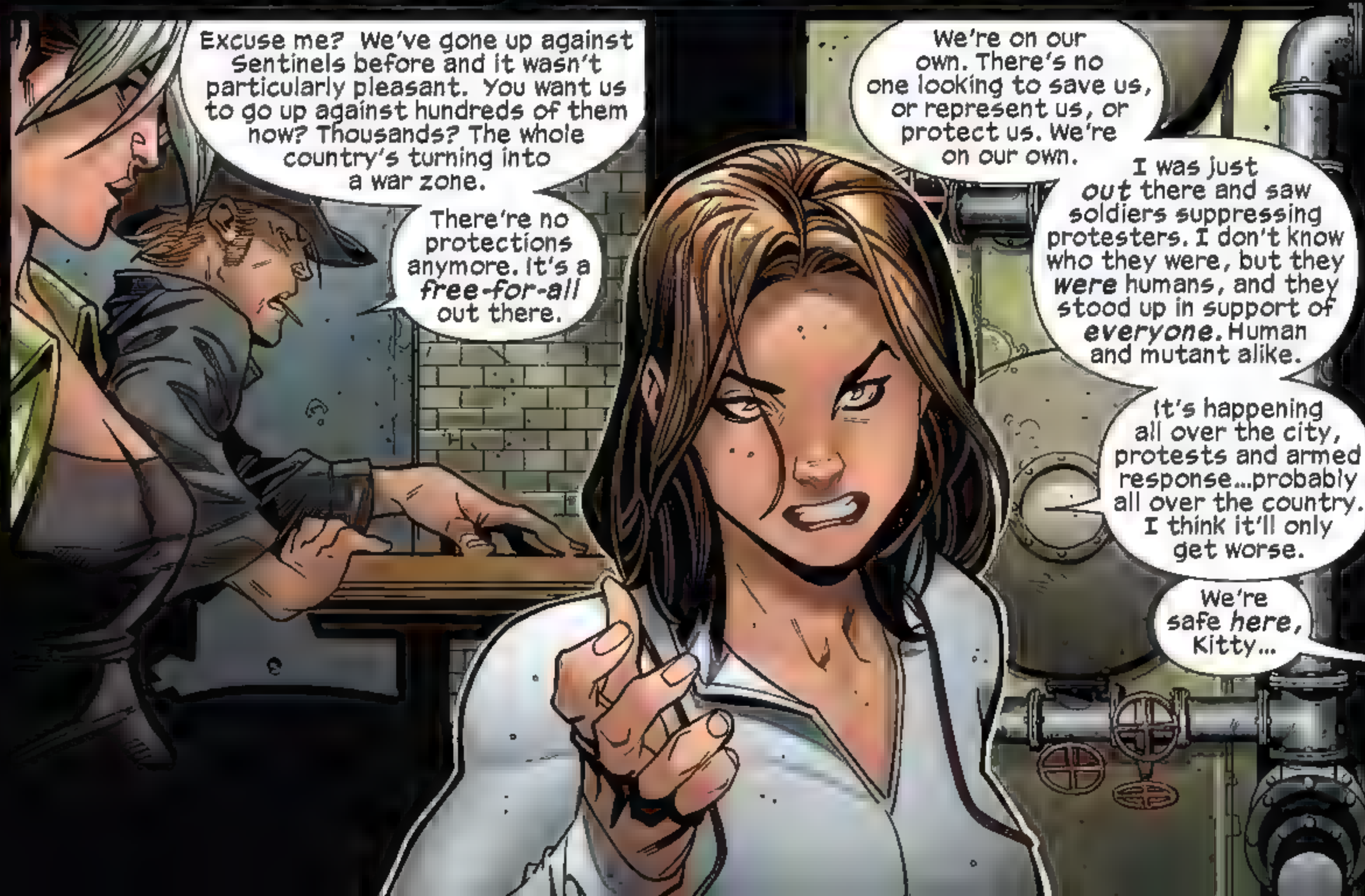
...

You're doing what?



I'm leaving New York and going to the Southwest states. I'm going to fight the Sentinels.

And I want to bring you four with me.



Excuse me? We've gone up against Sentinels before and it wasn't particularly pleasant. You want us to go up against hundreds of them now? Thousands? The whole country's turning into a war zone.

There're no protections anymore. It's a *free-for-all* out there.

We're on our own. There's no one looking to save us, or represent us, or protect us. We're on our own.

I was just out there and saw soldiers suppressing protesters. I don't know who they were, but they *were* humans, and they stood up in support of *everyone*. Human and mutant alike.

It's happening all over the city, protests and armed response...probably all over the country. I think it'll only get worse.

We're safe here, Kitty...



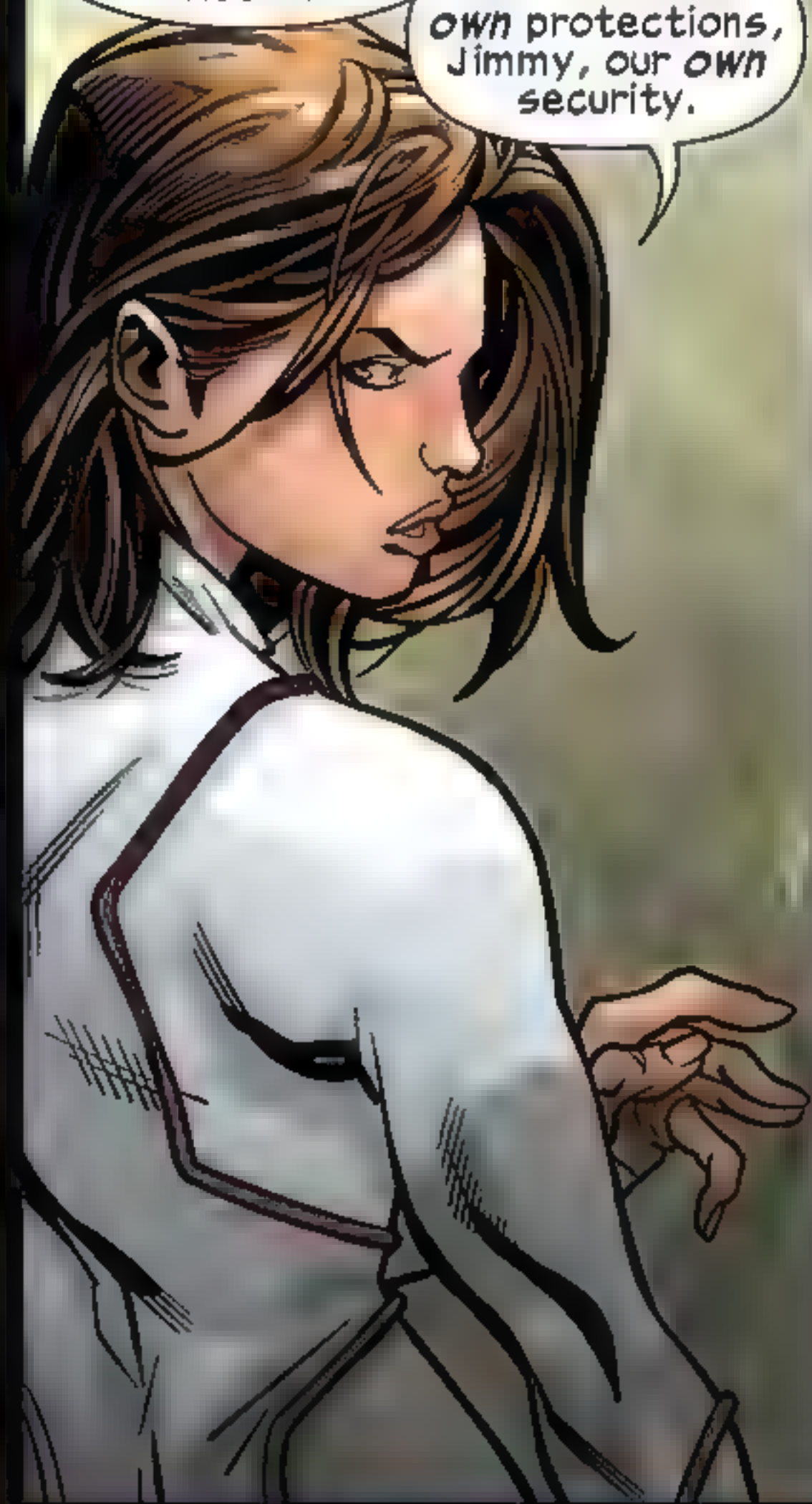
We're in a *hole*, Rogue.

Out there, up there, sure, it's a war zone. But people are fighting for us, and risking their lives. And we sit down here and do... *this*.

We *argue* about it.

And I don't think that's a *bad* thing. We can stop being the victims.

We'll make our *own* protections, Jimmy, our *own* security.



Us?

Against an army of Nimrods and Purifiers?

Would you rather stay down here until one day you turn on your TV and the *next* President you see is someone like *William Stryker*?



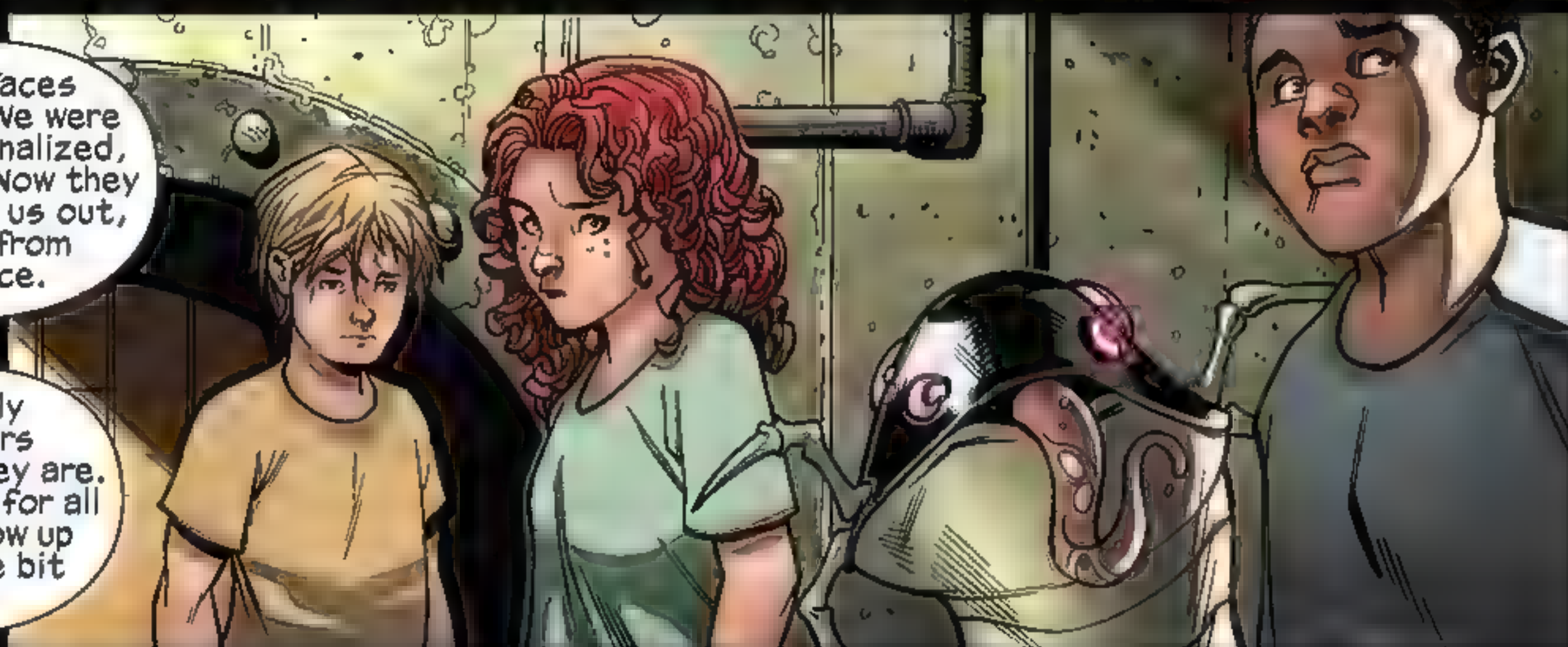
We'd all be dead well before that happened.

I'll do it.



Our kind faces **genocide**. We were always marginalized, criminalized. Now they want to wipe us out, to rid us from existence.

We're only a few years older than they are. But it's time for all of us to grow up just a little bit faster.



We're all part of a larger community, all suffering like we are. **No one** is alone in this.

Here, in these tunnels, they have a family. If they don't fight with each other, if they **support** each other and help each other out, they'll live.



They'll be a hundred times stronger for it.



So you *would* leave them. I've heard a lot of mutants talk about being abandoned or having to run away at really young ages. But I've never heard any of you **romanticize** it before.

I'm staying, I'll watch over them.

Johnny, come on!

Go fight your war, Kitty. I'll be fine here.



You heard him. He's staying, we're going.

We leave in the morning.



**KNOCK
KNOCK**

...

It's
okay, you can
come in.

I just wanted
to say...

...I wouldn't
have been
scared.

None of us
would have. You
were right, we've lived
through worse. Johnny
doesn't understand,
he isn't even a
mutant.

That's
true, he's not
a mutant.

But he's
smart and
he's in charge.
I say so.
Understand?

Can't
I go with
you?

Yes, but in
a couple years.
You can come
find me.

You can do
that. You're a
leader, you can
do *anything*.

Just
remember who
you are.

Don't let
anyone tell
you you're
wrong.

**NOMI BLUME,
MACH TWO**

In the wake of the violence the city's endured, the government's set up refugee camps for humans in the suburbs.

Anyone fleeing violence or suffering from terrible loss can seek help there.

Dozens of buses leave every day. The press of people is too great for proper I.D. screenings.

In our case, we're displaced youth trying to find our parents. Sadly, there must be too many who legitimately fit that description. We got immediate placement on the next bus out and a Red Cross box lunch.

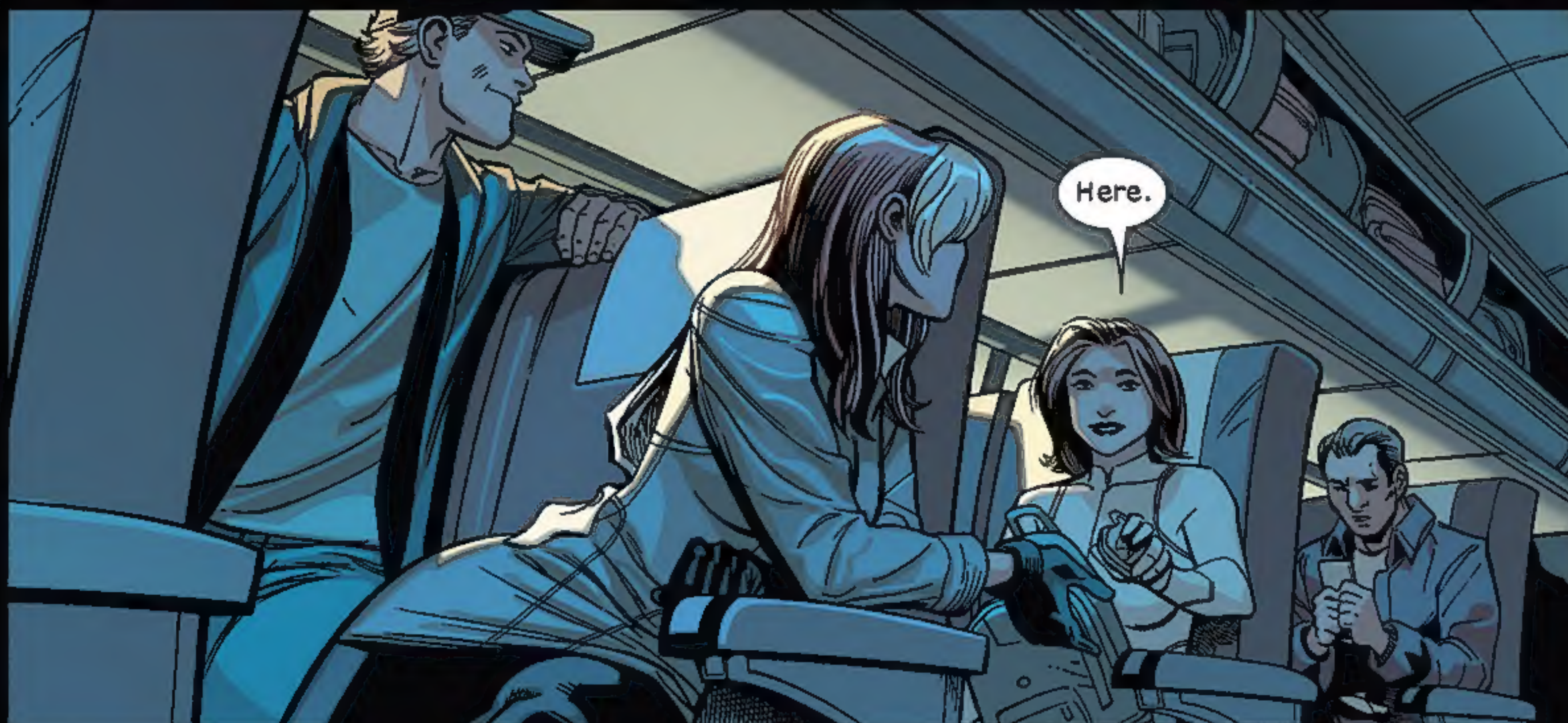
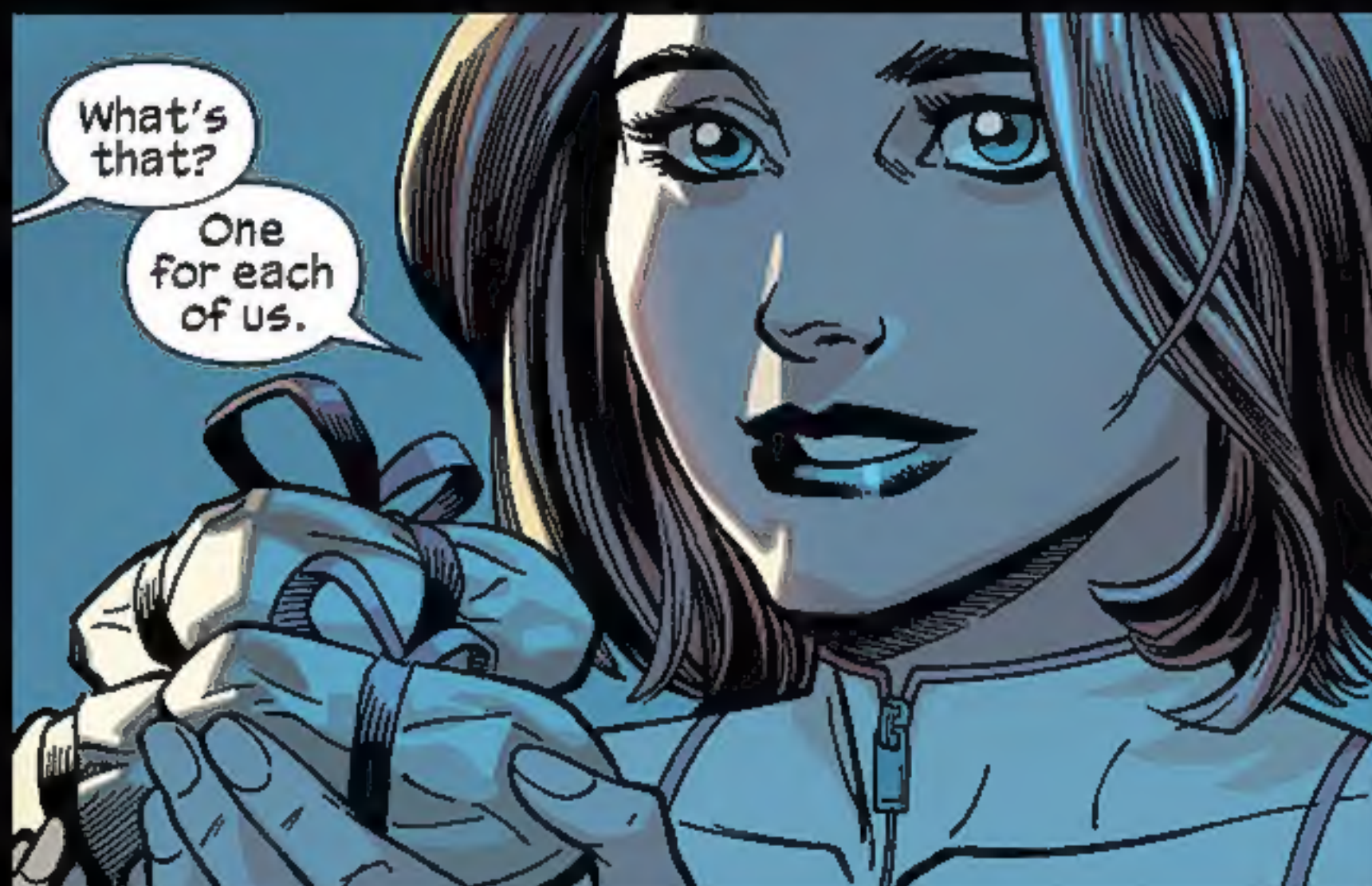
This will get us out of the city and past the worst of the checkpoints. We'll have to figure out the next step after that.

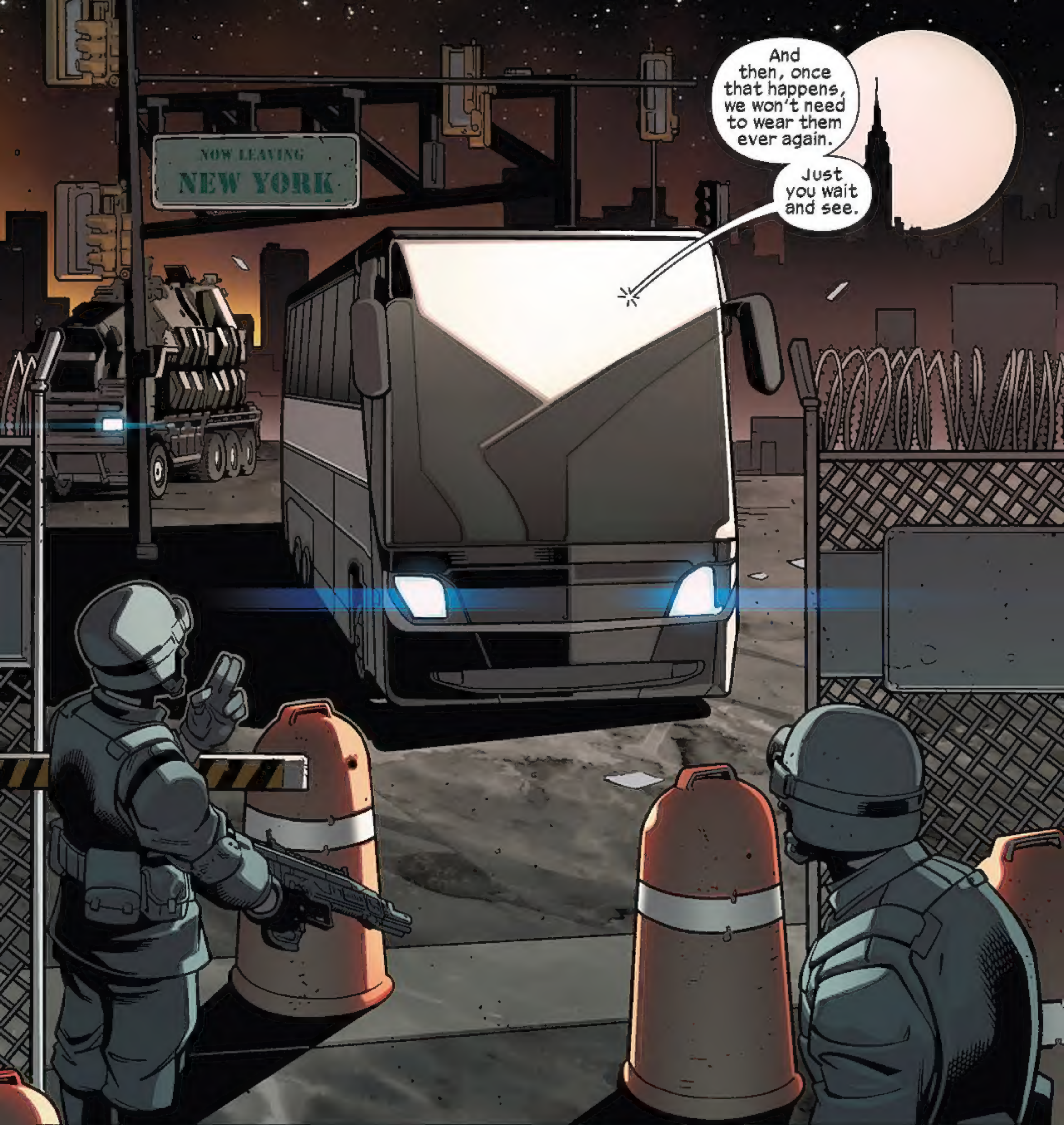
For now, this is a good start.

Just for, ya know, good luck.

Thank you.

But I have something better.





And then, once that happens, we won't need to wear them ever again.

Just you wait and see.

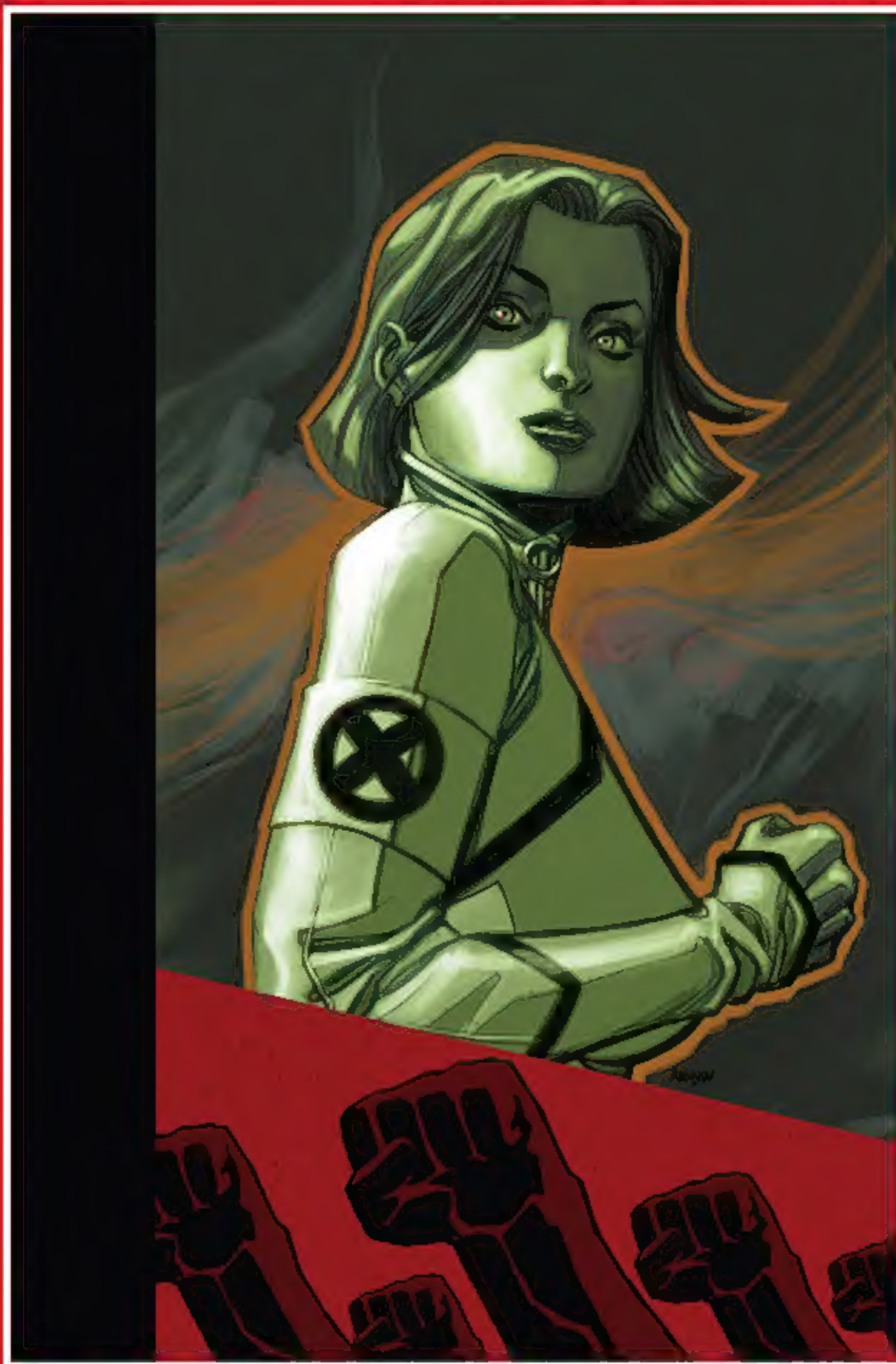


And on that day, we'll truly be free.

NEXT: THE REVOLUTION BEGINS!

NEXT:
THE ULTIMATE EVENT OF THE SUMMER
"DIVIDED WE FALL" BEGINS!

ON SALE NOW!



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